



**No Union with Slaveholders!**

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS A COVENANT WITH DEATH—  
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.

**YES!** IT CANNOT BE DENIED—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to SECURE THE PERPETUITY OF THEIR DOMINION OVER THEIR SLAVES. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second, was the stipulation TO SURRENDER FUGITIVE SLAVES—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for SLAVES—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons . . . . In fact, the oppressor representing the oppressed!—To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress; and THEREBY TO MAKE THE PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.”—John Quincy Adams.

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Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

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## REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

**THE HORRORS OF FUSION!**

Extricate from the frothy, humdrum, pro-slavery, "half-baked" speech of RUFUS CHAMBERLAIN, delivered at the Wig meeting in Faneuil Hall, on Wednesday evening, October 31, 1855—

I am gratified, beyond the power of language to express, by your kindness. By this thronging audience, I am even more gratified. In this alone I can see the doom of the geographical party. It would have been a thing portentous and mournful, if commercial Boston had not thus poured itself into this hall, to declare, by ten thousand voices, against the first measure which practically withers the life of our separation of the States, ever a real menace to our peace or certainly in our time presented, the present or the passions of the people of America. Who should be of the earliest to discern, and the wisest to decide, the true great question of the day? Did anybody suppose that your intelligence could not see what a proposition to agitate the people of this country into two great geographical parties must come to, so successful as to overthrow that, seeing this, you would not have fallen asleep upon it? You, the children of the merchant princes; you, whose professions of commerce and arts, give you to know and with a sort of professional consciousness and honesty, our republic to be one—une and undivided, and indivisible, let me say; you, whose names, should, yet untraveled, have sometimes rung up when you have seen radiant flags waving on the breeze, along the desolate and lonely coast, beneath unfamiliar constellations;—now you have felt, your country's great arm around you, were you expected to be indifferent upon a proposition to rend her into two great factions, or to be created into a belief that there was no such proposition before the country at all?

collecting these things, and recollecting, too, how much more than by reason or public virtue, or their true interests, men are moved by avarice, pride and ambition. We may be sure that we shall never convey it, we cannot possibly fail to see that the process of forming such an organization, and its influence, if completely formed, and fully in action, would compose a new and disturbing element in our system, which it is scarcely able to encounter, and which will cause more and genuine Unionists would no longer be able to see it.

Why, look at it. Here is a stupendous fabric of Titan architecture, a castle, a capitol; suppose the capitol at Washington. It is at once a fortress and temple. The great central dome swells to heaven. It rears grandly on its hill: by its own weight kept in equilibrium, and its own weight it might have built it. It may stand to see the aged of a nation pass by. But one imperfection there is, a seam in the marble; a flaw in the iron: a break scarcely visible: yet a real vertical fissure; starting by an imperceptible opening from top to foundation the whole in two: the builder saw it, and he saw the cause. The cause was the men who followed with pious and skillful hands, tried by underpinning to repair: by lateral support, by buttresses and buttresses alternately, to hold the disjointed sides in contact: practically it was becoming less formidable: the moss was beginning to conceal it, even; and another comes to the rescue, and he says, they will be ruined if they do not be supported: loosen the underpinning of the ends, dig a yawning excavation under both of them; and then set on each the mountain weight of a frowning and defiant dome of its own. Down the huge pile topples in an hour. Small compensation is it that the architect of ruin finds his grave too, beneath it. It is so, and that is what may be seen in this organization in its beginnings that we are here to-night: it is for this opportunity, chiefly, that the Whigs of Massachusetts are absolutely glad they are alive. True, we seek also to redeem Massachusetts from that last legislative year of all sorts of ignorance,

factory to themselves, giving aid and comfort to such a thing.

Where, beneath this logic and this rhetoric of sectionalism, do you feel one throbb of a heart earnest for the whole America? The deep, full, burning life of American feeling, so hard to counterfeit, so hard to chill, does it once gladden and glorify this inauguration oratory and these inauguration ceremonies? Is it not the key-note of it all, that the slaveholders of the South are an aristocracy to be 'abhorred' and 'avoided'; that they are insidious and dangerous; that they are undermining our republic, and are at all hazards to be resisted? Do they not inaugurate the new party on the basis of reciprocal hate and reciprocal fear of section to section? Hear this sharp and stern logic of one of the orators:— 'Aristocracy, through its insidiousness, is to be avoided. To this he would set the privileged class are sure to become, nay, are an aristocracy already. The local Southern law, and the national Constitution, make the slaveholders a privileged class. They are, therefore, an aristocracy to be abhorred and avoided.' Such is the piercing key-note of his speech. To this he sets his sole motto to discord. To this he would set the whole music of the next presidential campaign. To this, the tens of thousands of the free States are to march. 'Abhor' and avoid the aristocracy of the South! Organize to do it the better! They are insidious and dangerous. They are undermining republican liberty. They are a defence to slavery, and the burning of the burning of the South by the light which the tossing wave of the lake casts pale and dreadful.

The annexation of Louisiana, the master work of Jefferson, unless you say the Declaration of Independence is his master work; the annexation of Florida, by treaty, for which John Quincy Adams acquired so just a fame, and which stipulates for the incorporation of its inhabitants into the Union; the

tionism than Washington could have done it, stopping from the farweld address; that the leader of Israel could have done it, as he stood in that last hour on Pisgah, and surveyed, in vision, the widespread tents of the kindred tribes,—rejoicing together in the peace and in the light of their nation's God. O for an hour of such a life, and all were not yet lost!

## SELECTIONS.

INCIDENTS IN BOSTON.

[Boston correspondence of the Anti-Slavery Standard.]

The Fair, or show, opened on Tuesday with a tolerable day. But on Wednesday the rain came down as if another flood were toward, after all the strings being worn in the ark. But, worthy for the promoters of the Exhibition, they were all there, so that they were on the spot, and could be kept here until wanted. The ten or twelve gentlemen who had pledged themselves to stand in the gap, in case of a *fiasco*, to the tune of five hundred dollars apiece, began to shiver in their shoes, but on Wednesday they were all there, and they were all there. However, by fortune or by fate, Thursday proved to be a fine day. It was intended to be the great day of the feast, and, though the grounds and the course were fearfully wet and muddy, the throngs of people could hardly find admittance through the three spacious gateways. Indeed, many were turned away or gave up to despair, and put off their visit to another day. To be sure, it was a general holiday, and certainly a most unexceptionable one. On Friday, there was a grand banquet, at which Mr. Everett and Mr. Winthrop, and sundry other dignitaries of various weight of metal, let off their great guns. It did not go me very well, and I was not in the mood to mind the never sweet and decorous it may be to die for one's country, it is neither the one nor the other to *dine* for it. \* Here note a diversity,\* as my lord Coke saith. There is much

and that, as soon as they present duly-authenticated testimonials of their accepting its standards and Constitution, they shall be received as one of its integral parts, and so be fully incorporated with it, and shall be known among us as the German Reformed Classis of North Carolina of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of North America.

During the discussion, it was proposed to qualify the admission by the following amendment:—

‘Resolved, That while this Synod cannot in any degree sympathize with the system of American slavery, but must regard it as embodying the most serious injustice, it does yet sincerely sympathize with such Christian men as, finding themselves in the midst of that system, are slaveholders, not by preference, but by the necessities of the case, and with a Christian regard to the true temporal and eternal interests of the slaves themselves.’

Some of the ablest members of the body advocated the admission with great ability, sustaining their positions by pertinent scripture quotations.

The Rev. Dr. Howe contended for the propriety of receiving Christian slaveholders into communion, alluding to the recognition of slavery by the Bible. The laws which God enjoined upon the Hebrews respecting slavery, he remarked, greatly mitigated the evils of the system as it was found in other nations; and neither in the Old nor New Testament is there any plain denunciation of the relation as wrong. ‘We must remember,’ he said, ‘that if we refuse ecclesiastical connection with these slaveholders, we also refuse ecclesiastical connection with the slaves, and if we sin in the one case, we do in the other. If it be sinful to hold church fellowship with the churches of this country, it is equally sinful to hold it from with them, and we must dissolve the Union; and what American desires this!’ The speaker hoped that the Synod would extend the hand of Christian fellowship to them.

from the crown of his head to his waist; over his  
crust, hands, cheeks, brow, hair, arm-pits, ears,  
back, breast, and feet. As he was bemusing  
Atkinson's eyes, one of the operators jealously  
observed that he was 'touching up his whiskers,'  
which of course produced great merriment among  
the crowd. All this, while the only outward signs  
of mental agitation that the prisoner exhibited  
was an extraordinary action in chewing and expector-  
ating.

'Guess you're got enough on — put on the  
feathers,' said an idle member of the committee.

'You are doing it up brown,' said a voice to  
the operators, flatteringly.

'Yes, sir,' said one of the operators with a laugh,  
as he took hold of the bag of feathers, and threw a  
handful on the prisoner's back.

'Pour them on,' suggested a spectator.

'No, it's better to put them on in handfuls,' said  
a voice.

Messrs. Bird, Hughes, Byrdon and Samuel  
Johnson then took hold each of the end of two long  
poles, which they placed so as to form an extempore  
St. Andrew's Cross.

'Sit on there,' said one of them. I forgot who,  
to the tarred and feathered person.

'Why, they're going to ride him on a rail,' said  
a voice besides me.

'Serve the scoundrel right,' replied his compan-  
ion.

'He ought to be hanged,' rejoined the first voice.

'He's very right to do as he is bid,' said a per-  
son near the prisoner, as Atkinson calmly put his  
legs over the poles, and sat on the part where they  
joined.

The four citizens named then raised him in the  
air—placing the ends of the poles on their should-  
ers—and carried him through the street, which  
was thronged with people, down to the wharf and  
back.

When the crowd had enjoyed themselves suf-  
ficiently with tormenting their unresisting victim,  
he was set at liberty, and immediately left the  
place.

Thank God, this sight dispels both branches of this misapprehension. The city is here, all right and straight out! Commerce is here! Commerce, in whose wants, on whose call, the Union, this

us, under this Constitution, began to be; Ourselves that rocks this Constitution, here: not to follow  
 the will of the people, but to order; or, if  
 we prefer it, to keep off the doctor.  
 The arts, the industry of civilisation; of intellect  
 and of the people, are here: they to which the  
 game and wheat-fields and cotton-grounds of a  
 peaceful and common country supply that raw ma-  
 terial which they give back in shapes of use and  
 taste and beauty: they are here; they which cele-  
 brated the establishment of the government by long  
 centuries of the trades, by music and banners,  
 and by the waving of the flag, and the waving  
 of the arms, for the rising ball, for the hope of a  
 time of reward for labor. They are here to bear  
 witness, that the prayers of the fathers have been  
 faithfully heard, and to remember and to guard  
 the instrumentality of constitutional union, to  
 which, under His goodness, they owe all these  
 gifts: art, and the charities, the philanthropy,  
 the humanity that dwell in these homes and hearts,  
 the peace and the order, the wisdom and the  
 wisdom, the charities that love all human  
 and are comprehended all and enfolded in  
 the name of country. Philanthropy and hu-  
 manity—not epidemic, not savage, not the cold  
 pride of the politician, not hypocritical, not im-  
 pure, but just, wise, combining, working with-  
 out the will of the highest, sowing the  
 seed of war, with trust, and committing the  
 seed to the ground, and the seed to the ground,  
 and the seed to the ground. We come to ratify the ratifi-  
 cation. We come to say to our excellent re-  
 presentatives in the late Convention, again and again,  
 well done, good and faithful! We come to engage  
 in their support and our warmest good wishes  
 for the success of the nominated—for the success  
 of the cause they have nominated, every man of  
 us. We come to declare that upon trying our-  
 selves by all the approved tests, we are glad to  
 declare that we are alive: that we are glad, that

not dignified, but made hateful and shameful by a small and mean mimicry of treason, withall. We would blot it all out from our proud annals forever—the year which deserted Washburn, slighted the councils of Clifford, struck a feeble but malignant blow at the judicial tenure, nullified a law of the United Constitutional if the Constitution is constitutional.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now what good is it to do? And first, what on earth is it going to do, anyhow? It is formed, we will say. It has triumphed. It has got power in the free States. It has got the general government. It has chosen its President. It has got a majority in both Houses of Congress. The members are a body of representatives of slaveholders. They have met in the great chambers. What to do? Now, it is agreed, on all hands, that in regard to what they are to do as a party, on any subject, human or divine, outside of slavery, we know no more than if they were so many men met in a room in the city of New York. As a party, and they gained power as a party, they are to rule as a party, but as a party they solemnly adjure that they hold no opinion on anything whatever, on anything but slavery. They spread their arms wide open to every humor of the human mind, to every passion of the human heart. They are a belligerent temper and politics than ever quailed in a menagerie. To men of war, and men of peace; to the friend of annexation, if he can find free soil to annex, as you may say, in Canada, and the enemy of any more area; to protectionists and free-traders; men of strict, and men of large construction; men of temperance and men of intemperance men and anti-temperance men; the advocate of ten hours of labor, the advocate of twelve; a general trial for every opinion on anything, with the pledge of the party to each and all, that if they will run with a common consent and make satisfaction to the people, they will give to each of them shall have a fair chance, and no privileges, and everybody may enact anything if he can.

And now in the name of all common sense, in

and Contrerex which crowned the arms of America with a lustre imperishable, although they could not vindicate, to justice and history, the administration, or the politics which brought on the war; nor the Free Sellers of New York, whose tactics caused the election of that administration—this apathy, this indifference, this want of sympathy, and this restlessness of all the currents of national being towards the setting sun—like that of our astronomical system itself, towards the distant constellation—this hour is to kindle no emotion, to inspire no duty, to incubate no truth, but to abolish and to herald a new era, a new dispensation of providence, a new opportunity—strikingly illustrates the body of the Constitution.

Oh! how soothing and elevating to turn from this to the meridian brightness, the descending orb, the whole clear day of our immortal Webster! How sweet, how instructive to hang again on the lips now mute, still speaking, whose eloquence, whose wisdom, whose gifts, whose labours, whose life, whose grand feeble again the heat of the great heart which could enfold as all! He saw, too, and he deplored the spread of slavery. He marked, and he resisted the frenzy of the politics by which an administration gave it so vast an impulse by annexing Texas, and making war with Mexico, and he saw that the grandest thing he had done it—the growth of his country from the rock of Plymouth, and the river Jamestown to the western sea. But did he think it just to trace it all to the aggressive spirit of the aristocracy who hold slaves? Could his balanced and gigantic intelligence and generous patriotic sympathies have brought him to believe that the single desire to find a new field for slavery to till has in fifty years transformed a strip into one national domain larger than Europe!

It is nothing to be ascribed to the necessities of national situation and the opportunities of national glory; nothing to the sober, collected judgment of the statesmen of the Revolution, or the foresight of some great men—like Jefferson and John Quincy Adams—who loved not slavery, nor

virtue in a single letter oftentimes. So I cannot tell you whether the Union was a success or not. I can only think so of the patriotism of the gentlemen present, as to suppose for a moment that they could have pretermitted so glorious an opportunity of performing that arduous service. However that may have been, you may comfort yourselves by knowing that the Union was saved that afternoon, on the Commodore's deck, by the gentlemen's investment into which the Sine Brigade is divided. Somebody or other gave it a stand of colors, which, I presume, (for I did not see them,) contained a slave, *smile, passant*, with a shopkeeper, *gules rampant*, after him, surmounted by two dollars, *argent*, shadowing forth the golden rule, and the golden rule, however, on Sunday, in advance of all these happenings. That day happened to be the Anniversary of the Mob of 1835, sometimes called the Garrison Mob, and sometimes the Mob of Gentlemen of Property and Standing. The building in which the old Anti-Slavery Office was, was the same spot in a Hall which was wisely selected for the place of a fitting celebration. It was incapable of holding a large number—not more, probably, than three or four hundred. It was entirely filled, most of the veterans of the Anti-Slavery cause, who were with me, being present. The Rev. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Parker, H. C. and others, spoke to great acceptance. It was a truly interesting and suggestive occasion. The gentlemen in fine broadcloth who came up to the rescue of their country on that occasion were not so far out as they might have been. The Faneuil Hall was in its generation, after all. Mr. Otis and Judge Sprague were far-seeing men, unquestionably. They knew how great a matter

Dr. Bethune concurred in the above view.

Dr. Abraham Messler alluded to his experience in connection with slavery. He had known the colored people of New Jersey, both as slaves and as freemen. It is a singular fact, (he said,) that their condition, whether temporal or moral, had been improved by their freedom. He once counted fifty-four colored communicants sitting down at once at the Lord's table in his church. While their number has not diminished, very few are found in the churches, and he could only account for the fact by the influence of the indifference and care of Christian families. There is much more in this question of abolition than appears at first sight, and it should be approached carefully.

The resolution by Rev. H. Gause, disavowing all sympathy with slavery, was offered as a preamble to the resolution, qualified by which, it would receive his support.

After a debate of several days, the following amendment was adopted, and, on Thursday, the resolution was laid on the table—*yeas*, says 47. But the next day, the matter was again introduced in another form, and was finally disposed of by the adoption of the following preamble and resolutions offered by Dr. Bethune:

Whereas, it is evident from opinions expressed upon the floor, that the Synod cannot act cordially in receiving the Classis of North Carolina within the limits of our church; and whereas, the Synod desires to treat the Classis of North Carolina with the same consideration as was due to respected Christian brethren; therefore,

Resolved, That the commissioner from the Classis of North Carolina be requested to withdraw his papers.

Resolved, also, That a certified copy of the above preamble and resolutions, be laid on the table of the Synod, as recorded in page 581 of the minutes, be sent to the Classis of North Carolina, with our Christian salutations.

So the application was courteously declined. As at present constituted, there are no Southern

From the Kansas Free State.

### ATTACK ON MR. CLARK.—BRUTAL OUT- RAGE.

It is currently reported that the Rev. Mr. Clark, late of our place, has been badly treated on board the Polar Star. It is stated that he got into a conversation with one Childs, of Independence, about Kansas and slavery, and that Childs, being unable to hold his own with Clark in argument, thought he would try what virtue there was in blows. It appears that Mr. Clark made no resistance, but let Childs beat his 'face into a pumpon,' to the great amusement of the cursed fiends who were aboard the boat.

We were surprised to hear that Mr. Clark made no resistance; for while he was here, he said that the great lack in Kansas was fighting men; that we ought to have some fighting men, if we wished to subvert the empire. He said that he was surprised to hear that he gave us a sample of the right kind of men, in his difficulty with Childs.

Some time after what is related above occurred, Mr. Clark went to take his seat at the breakfast table, by the side of Childs, when the latter arose to break his chair over his head, and beat him badly. The captain sprang up, and commanded peace, and ordered the boat to a wood-yard, and put Mr. Clark ashore, and he has not been heard of since.

Childs is said to be the bully of Independence, but Clark was stout enough to have hurt him badly in the first fight. What a handful of scoundrels the fiendish crew were all against him, and that it would be useless to attempt to defend himself.

We would like to know how long the people of St. Louis and Missouri are going to tolerate such things. It is bringing an everlasting disgrace upon the State. What a handful of scoundrels of things, in a free country, to see a whole steamboat crew, headed by the captain, 'pitch into' one man, and beat him nearly to death, and then put him ashore, for no other crime than merely expressing his opinion on a political question, after he had trusted

Whigs! Constitutional Whigs! Massachusetts  
Whigs! Faneuil Hall Whigs! Daniel Webster

they Clay Whigs!—that we have no new  
 cry to choose tonight—that, when we have, we  
 will have it, any other, any other, than that  
 which draws us back like the physical and social  
 geography across the face of our race, of our na-  
 tion, and finds a republic on one side, and  
 finds nothing but an aristocracy to be abhorred and  
 avoided on the other! Take any shape but that  
 of a man to protest, with all possible emphasis and  
 energy, against the inauguration, as they call  
 it, of the party of the sections. We say that, for  
 any other, any constitutional patriotism can ap-  
 pear, so that any party is useless. We say, that for  
 our own sacred self-interest, we have no specific  
 definite objects which are constitutive of a party,  
 it is useless! We say, that if defeated in its at-  
 tempt to get possession of the national government,  
 our struggle will ensure the triumph of that  
 aristocracy on which it seems to make war;  
 will make a fortune of certain local dealers in  
 slavery; will agitate, and alienate, and tend to  
 scatter wherever we go, both joined. We hold that  
 it is should succeed in its attempt, it will be the  
 most terrible of public calamities. I, for one,  
 do not believe that this nation could bear it. I am  
 sure, quite of the mind of the Senator  
 who dared to tell an assembly in Maine,  
 many days since, that there is now no union  
 between the North and the South; that the pretended  
 union in all matters is a fiction; that the South  
 is like Russia does not belong to England, nor England  
 to Russia, more than the men of the South  
 belong to the South each other. The allegation  
 I think, yet true; that the pleasure, the apparent  
 pleasure, and exultation with which he uttered it,  
 nothing less than awful! But yet! But yet,  
 when we are in view, as ever we must, the grand  
 and unalienable rights and peculiarities of the  
 American national life, the capital fact lying un-  
 derneath, that we are historically, by constitution  
 and, to a vast practice, by custom,

The whole history of elective governments, was a free people ever called on to commit power, the whole vast engineering, the whole thunder of the sea, the whole of the world, the whole of the sky, they will oppose, right and left; but what other one maxim of government they will adopt—State or national; what one law, on what one subject, they will pass; what one institution, or one policy of the fathers they will spare; what one sentiment they will enunciate:—to other glories they will pass; we have had no more to decide: but what other was an encampment of a race never seen before; poured by some populous and unknown north from her frozen loins! How mad, how contemptible to deliver ourselves over to such a veiled enthusiast as this! Better the urn and the lot of Solon—better the fantastic chances of slavery, democracy, a thousand fold.

\* \* \* \* \*

What are they to do, then, if they win power? Either nothing at all, which Whigs could not do, and would not do; or if a wise and large statesmanship permits it; or they bring on a conflict which separates the States. . . . Nothing at all which we would do, if we could; but the Constitution would not allow it, or that which under the Constitution cannot be done. . . . Nothing at all, or just what their agitation from 1835 to this hour has accomplished—rivet the iron chains of the slave; loose the golden bands of the Union. So much for the good it will do.

It will, it will, foreveer the evil it would do. We cannot, of course, forecast exactly what it would do, if it could, nor how much, exactly, it could do, if it would. . . . We cannot know, in other words, exactly where, or when, or how, if it attained the whole power that it seeks, it would bring on the final result. . . . The thing we can see, is that the States they cannot, by their illegality, go through the process of merely and completely organizing such a party but by elaborately and carefully training the men on this side of their line to 'abhor' and 'avoid' the men on the other. The basis of the organization is reciprocal sectional hate. This is the seed

the expansion of the area of slavery; but who did love their country, dearly and wisely; and knew that that evil would be more than compensated by the exceeding good; nothing to a diffused, vehement, and universal indignation, which would be a mighty strength—burning to try itself against the resistance of foreign contract, and fading on its west and southwest border no equal force to hold it back; nothing to the blindness of mere party tactics and the power of a popular administration; nothing to the selfishness of a few States, which flames and revels in the adolescent national heart! Is it all mere and sheer negro herding and negro selling that has done this? More than this. Is nothing to be ascribed to the influence of Northern aggression against slavery, provoking by an eternal war a Southern rally for its defence? Is nothing to be ascribed to the fact that our history forgotten that as far back as 1805, as 1801, the press, some influential portions of the press of a large political party at the North, began to denounce the election and re-election of Jefferson as a triumph of the Slave Power? The acquisition of Louisiana, the admission of Missouri into our Union, how much more of our greatness, as another triumph of the Slave Power; that this form of sectionalism already assailed the slave representation of the constitution, and tried to strike it out; that it bore its part, a large part, in influencing New England to the measure of the Hartford Convention; that it bore its part in the Federal Convention of 1850, which swept the country at the close of a war, breathing into us the full first inspiration of American life. It awoke again on the application of Missouri for admission; that silenced once more by that adjustment—a few years later, it took on the monstrous form of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and the Dred Scott decision, which, at that moment, helped on by the general progress of the age, it has never ceased for an hour to make war on the institutions of the South, to assail the motives and arraign the conscience of the slaveholder; to teach to 'abhor' and to 'avoid' him, and denounce the Union as a compact with hell! Is it not the aggressive spirit of slavery, man

little fire kindleth, and they knew, too, that there was no lack of fuel to make a grand Conflagration. If they only could have stopped the mischievous breath that was blowing away at the embers, what a difference it would have made, to be sure! The trouble was that they *could not*. They had the best of dispositions, but they had undertaken a task too big for them. And the consequences we see all around us, and throughout the country. They could have said, "We will not stir up the fire, but we will put down those plaguey Abolitionists. Who knows but you and I might have been members of the General Court here, or of the Board of Aldermen with you! Only think what pretty pickings you have lost!" Wendell Phillips might have been a Congressman, perhaps. What a calamity to him, that he should have been a slave! He might have been an orator as Mr. Everett or Mr. Winthrop, and the people would have come together in crowds to hear him speak, whenever they had a chance! Mr. Garrison might have had the public printing, perhaps, and a fat office in the Customs into the bargain. But he deserves no compassion. He ought to have known better than to stir the matter at all.

From the Washington Union.

### A CHURCH MOVEMENT ON SLAVERY.

There was in session last week, in New York the General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church. As every reader may not be familiar with the organization, we gather a few facts from the New York papers:—

The Reformed Dutch Church, as at present constituted in this country, vests its legislative authority in four several assemblies: First, a Consistory, which is the lowest, and consists of a minister and elders; second, a Classis, which is the next in rank, and consists of representatives from an indefinite number of churches; third, a Particular Synod—there are two, one at Albany and one at New York—consists of ministers and elders from each

churches in connection with the Synod, and the feeling is, (as we learn from the *Express*), that if North Carolina is admitted now, the door will be open to slavery agitation within the Reformed Church, and that the Synod will be forced to twain, just as it has already rent the Methodist and Presbyterial denominations. There are also some minor objections to the admission of North Carolina, one of which is, that their Classis possesses large property donated by the German Reformed Church, and that the Synod will be forced to give, therefore wish to retain the name of German Reformed, in order to retain the property also.

**ANOTHER LYNCHING CASE AT PARKVILLE, MO.**

The Kansas correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* gives the particulars of a lynching case which occurred at Parkville on the 17th inst. The subject of the outrage was a young Englishman named Atkinson, who is described as a 'rather stupid looking fellow, about 25 years of age, and of course, it is said he has been working as a rope-maker at Parkville for several weeks. He had induced a young slave girl to agree to accompany him to St. Louis, where he proposed to spend the winter with her, and then take her to a free State. The girl, however, wished to take a couple of colored friends along with her, and Atkinson, who was at first reluctantly consented. In consequence of this arrangement, the matter leaked out, and the owner of the girl met a watch upon the movements of the couple. He soon got all the evidence he wanted, and an extempore court was arranged, composed of about fifteen persons, before whom Atkinson was tried. Of course he was found guilty, and was sentenced to be tarred and feathered, and started out of town. During the trial, the prisoner preserved an unruffled coolness, and appeared wholly indifferent to his fate, and when his sentence was put in execution, submitted without a struggle. The following extracts will give some idea of the decrees of Judge Lynch are executed at the West:

'Now,' said Captain Wallace to Atkinson, 'now

of his person, his life, his wit, to the care of the captain, who, Judas-like, betrays him into the hands of bad men.

No man, who cares anything for his property, his person, or his life, can entrust them to the care of such a captain, unless he be insane. Let people of the Free States, and honorable men of the South, consider the Polar Star, and brand the captain as an unpunctuated scoundrel, and forever trum him as such.

From the Erie True American.

**GLORIOUS LIBERTY!**

In many respects, our country has the least liberty of any government on earth. To call it a "democracy," is to cast an unpardonable slur upon that precious word. We are continually manufacturing bragadocio about our freedom, but if called to put our finger upon it, we should be puzzled severely. Are any of us truly free? No, we are not. We are not free to go where we please, we cannot travel where we please, either on business or pleasure, with any degree of safety, if he has any degree of manhood, or any sense of compassion in his bosom. In proof, see the following from the *Masson (Pa.) Telegraph*, of a recent date

A young gentleman, yelped Alonzo Griffin, having expressed sentiments hostile to the peculiar institutions of this country, was removed from the atmosphere of Massachusetts than Georgia, was ordered out of this city on Friday last, and was escorted to the cars, on Saturday, by a large company of our citizens. In consequence of his youth and weak head, no violent scenes were witnessed, and the people only demanding that he should make tracks Northward."

Happy country! But, mark the contrast between the spirit of Freedom and the spirit of Slavery! Massachusetts invites Toombs, of Georgia, to come up to Boston, and freely express his views on slavery, whatever they may be, for she has Boston granted a respectful hearing, and one hundred thousand dollars into the bargain! Toombs has accepted the invitation, and will be allowed to de-

hood of separate and sovereign States, united practically by a written league, or, more accurately, by a government holding only a few great powers, and touching a few large objects: united better, perhaps,

and thus go so far as to admit at all, by the memory of slavery and race, a common flag, the common glory—unity, the heritage of a common sense of nationality, the consciousness of unity, the pride of unity: to itself a spirit of recent creation, requiring still to be excited, to be reinforced, to be diffused: having regard to those instruments of tradition and influences, moral and physical, which to us ever and endanger us, and which to the consideration that besides the centrifugal tendencies of a sovereign State, impelling them ever lower, there is a line, a dark, dark line, almost a fissure in the granite whose imperfect cohesion can scarcely resist the vast weight on either side: re-

I must at last have taken time to fortify and justify it; to show that it is moral and necessary, the whole vast engineery of party tactics is to be put in request. If the ingenuity of hell were tasked for a device to alienate and rend asunder our immediate and artificial nationality, its first effort would be to sow dissension here! I resist and deprecate the mere attempt to furn the party. I don't expect to live to see it succeed in its grasp at power. I am sure I hope I shall not, but I see the attempt making. I think I see the dreadful effects exposed. Such an attempt. Thus far we would expose the evil of the sower of such seed as this! It may perish where it falls! The God of our fathers may withhold the early and latter rain and the dew, and the grain may die: but woe to the hand that dares to scatter it. Painful it is to the eye, but whomever higher hope might dare sav. satis-

no reaction against our own aggression? May it not be, that in this recrimination of the sections, and in the judgment of history, they may be blaws to take as well as blows to give! That gentleman admitted I have spoken of both errors, and I dare not admit the commission of both sections. In those errors, in this very hate and this very dread which the new party would organize, he saw the supreme danger of his country. To correct those errors, to allay that dread, to turn that hate to love, was the sublime aim of his mission. He would not be a selfish man, "not for my own security or safety, for no fragment on which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be, but for the good of the whole, and the preservation of all. I speak to-day for the Union." He would never abandon himself to this gloomy enterprise of sec-

district: and, fourth, a General Synod—three ministers and three elders—from all the churches, and delegates, who were to be sent from each body.<sup>1</sup> There was no appeal from this body.<sup>2</sup>

Several churches in North Carolina, professing the doctrines of this church, applied to the General Synod for admission as separate Classis, that they might enjoy the benefits of its organization. The debate on the application gave rise to much discussion. The question of slavery was the bone of discord, some of the members being opposed to the admission of churches which held the resolution for admission was in the following words:—

<sup>1</sup> Resolved, That the Synod cordially reciprocate the fraternal feelings expressed by the Classis of North Carolina of the German Reformed Church: that they record with favor their proposal of forming an ecclesiastical relation with our church.

‘Stranger, to save trouble, off with your shirt.’

With imperturbable coolness, and without opening his lips, the prisoner doffed his linen and flannel shirts, his vest nor coat, this ceremony was soon concluded.

‘He obedient,’ said one of the crowd, ‘it’s best for him.’

‘He’s got off too easy,’ said another.

‘That’s a fact,’ said a third.

By this time the prisoner was naked from the loins upward.

‘Come out here,’ said Capt. Wallace, ‘we don’t want to smear the floor with the tar.’

Silently and carelessly, Atkinson followed him.

Meers Bird and Hughes cut two paddles—staked at a yard long, and broad at one end—and proceeded slowly (amid the laughter and jests of the crowd, which Atkinson seemed neither to see nor care for) to ‘lay out,’ at least half an inch deep.

live his lecture free of molestation. But one of Massachusetts' citizens visits Georgia, and happening to express his views, doubtless with no more force than Toombs will be permitted to exercise, and, forthwith, he is "ordered out, escorted to the cars," and commanded "to make tracks Northward!" Glorious reciprocity! Glorious country, too!

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**A FREE MAN ABOUT TO BE SOLD**

Most of our readers remember the Steamboat Emma Harmon, that plied up the Kansas last spring, and that there was a free negro hired to work on board the boat, and also that this boat was charged all the while by the Pro-Slavery Press with having an Abolition negro-thieving crew aboard. This was sufficient to condemn it, and cause it to be looked upon with suspicion by pro-slavery men.

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